

THE QUILL

MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



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AROUND THE BHM

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THE QUILL

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

DOES it gripe you exceedingly, as it often does us, that the movies take such liberties with facts and fiction when they transfer a biography or a novel to the screen? It seems they go out of their way to deliberately concoct some outlandish or impossible ending to a film play when the true or original version was so much better.

Well, apparently Carl L. Weicht, editor of the excellent Northfield (Minn.) *News*, feels much as we do about the situation.

Every so often he goes through the pieces he has penned for his column "Across the Editor's Desk," in the *News*, culls out those he likes particularly, has them printed in booklet form and mails them to a list on which we have been lucky enough to have been included.

His most recent booklet contains this piece, which, if you feel as we do, will ring the bell:

"Jesse James"

"Just why movie scenario writers are so confoundly sure they can improve upon the details of any given situation, the plot of a famous novel, or the known facts about an historic episode or character is beyond me. It has puzzled others far better versed in the requirements of the no-longer-silent drama than I am. Perhaps it's time those smart boys and girls in Hollywood 'got wise to themselves.'

"Take the 'Jesse James' picture, for example. What possible value was added to this film, said to be first-class entertainment and a current movie 'classic,' by explaining Jesse James' failure in Northfield with the trumped-up theory that the pioneer citizens of this town, who turned out to be far better men than the desperadoes whom they defeated so ignobly in typical western battle, were 'tipped off' about the James-Younger gang's impending raid? The idea is utterly and completely false; there is not a shred of evidence to support it; and worse than anything else it has no merit as a dramatic device.

"It strikes me as being far more dramatic that the men who took the measure of Jesse James and his desperate companions, were simple, ordinary, peace-loving citizens of a quiet little pioneer town, a young bank clerk, a college student home for vacation, a hardware merchant—and that they were wholly unprepared for the unheralded invasion of the eight

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Do Newspaper Reporters Deliberately Misquote?

By DOW RICHARDSON

WHEN Joe Kennedy, our ex-ambassador to Great Britain, denied last fall that he had told a reporter "democracy is finished in England," newspapermen everywhere smiled in recognition of a familiar problem. It is a risk the journalist runs in awakening to find that the celebrity he interviewed the day before has disowned his words.

It has reached the point where, just as a doctor gives a seriously ailing patient a crisis period to weather, the reporter who has an "inside" yarn holds his breath for 48 hours after it is printed, fearful lest it be repudiated.

This habit of blandly disavowing statements carried by the press lays the newspapers open to the suspicion that they deliberately misquote people. Do reporters, anxious for the colorful phrase or the sensational remark, intentionally distort the words of those they are writing about? Very likely—sometimes.

Not likely, however, in the Kennedy case. Louis M. Lyons, a first-rate news man, obtained that interview for the *Boston Daily Globe*. Lyons is said to have read the statement back to Kennedy before the *Globe* ran it and the fiery Irishman, who believes in speaking his piece, approved it.

What the former ambassador was quoted as saying was that he not only believed British democracy was a thing of the past but that the democratic way may be finished in America as well.

Kennedy did not deny the expression immediately, but only after the interview was nearly two days old and the country had reacted with such shock that he felt it necessary to back-track. He issued a formal denial that he had been correctly quoted and later disclaimed other reports that he had been declaring England was done for and could not hold out much longer. Journalists, however, interpreted Kennedy's retraction as a strategic retreat. Lyons was highly respected and dependable, and Kennedy's gloomy views in regard to England's chances were well known. He had expressed the same general ideas repeatedly.

TWO other vigorous repudiations of press reports by public men became famous because of the general impression that the quotations were correct in the first place.

One of them was Harry L. Hopkins's denial that he had said, in a more or less private conversation, in referring to the resoluteness of the New Deal, "we will tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect."

Hopkins was energetic in refuting it, and his disavowal was accepted by the Senate Committee on Commerce. But Frank R. Kent, correspondent for the *Baltimore Sunpapers*, and Arthur Krock, the *New York Times'* Washington correspondent, who used the quotation together with other writers, believe the former cabinet officer said it.

The other sensational "item" now among the journalistic classics of our day is President Franklin D. Roosevelt's purported allusion to James A. Farley as an undesirable candidate for Vice-President. It was attributed to the President by Ernest K. Lindley in a front-page column which appeared in the *Washington Post* in March, 1940.

Lindley reported that in a conversation with a Democratic elder, Mr. Roosevelt had said that Cordell Hull was his candidate for President, that the Secretary of State was safe and could be elected. Farley was unacceptable as a candidate, Lindley quoted Roosevelt as saying, because some people might think the Democrats "were using Cordell Hull as a stalking horse for the Pope."

Three days later, the President said Lindley's column was "made up out of whole cloth" and that no such interview had taken place. Acquaintances of Lindley, who esteem him as an able newspaperman, will wager that his sparkling tidbit contained more than a minimum of truth. The report displeased and wounded Farley, but he apparently has forgiven it or has chosen to accept the President's denial, for the two men ostensibly are on good terms.

NOW, as to instances where "quotes" actually were not said by individuals purported to have uttered them.

I think there definitely have been a good many of these, due to the American reporter's eagerness for punch in his copy, a desire so strong that he sometimes cannot resist the temptation to put it there himself when it does not come of its own accord. If a public figure fails to respond when the opportunity for a pungent remark presents itself, the impatient news hound is apt to put the words into his mouth.

An illustration of this innocent tendency was the occasion of the reunion in 1932 between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Al Smith after their bitter struggle for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

The two men met at the New York State Democratic convention in Albany. Gov. Roosevelt, fresh as his party's nominee for the White House, was seated on a plat-



Dow Richardson

At present court reporter for the Kokomo (Ind.) Tribune, Mr. Richardson is a graduate of Indiana University, where he engaged in campus journalism and became a member of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. He also did postgraduate work at Columbia University.

form in the auditorium, and Smith was down on the floor as a delegate. There had been a tense feeling between the pair, especially on the part of Smith, who felt his defeat at the Chicago convention sorely and resented what he considered Roosevelt's assumption of a prize that was rightly his.

It was arranged for Smith to take a place on the platform. As the Happy Warrior came forward and approached Roosevelt the gentlemen of the press strained their ears. If there was to be a reconciliation, here was a perfect setting for a crack of the kind for which Smith is famous.

The erstwhile rivals shook hands, laughed and exchanged greetings. But what they said is somewhat in doubt. The newspapers reported that Smith came through with this slangy, fraternal salute: "Hello, you old potato!"

Jim Farley, who was on the platform and overheard the conversation, says that the "potato phrase" was a "flight of fancy" on the part of Fred Storm, a press association correspondent. Storm, according to Farley, "must have had a personal microphone attached to the Happy Warrior's lapel, because I was the closest man there and I certainly heard nothing like it." What Smith really said, Farley insists, was "Hello, Frank, I'm glad to see you."

ANOTHER case in point was an experience Gen. Hugh S. Johnson had with a news man in the NRA days. It concerns the "crack down" phrase, one of the most notable in the long catalogue of gusty language with which the former NRA administrator is credited.

Johnson denies that the expression was original with him. He says it was sug-

gested by Robert S. Allen, the well-known columnist, during the course of a press conference. It appealed to the general and he allowed himself to be quoted as using it. Johnson gives his version of the incident in his book, "The Blue Eagle From Egg to Earth."

He was conducting the conference, he says, when the subject of the Ford Motor Company's compliance with the Automobile Code under NRA was being discussed. Johnson quotes a stenographic transcript of the conference as follows:

Q. (by Allen): General, how long will Ford have before you take steps?

A. I do not know.

Q. Before you crack-down on him?

A. I think maybe the American people will crack-down on him when the Blue Eagle is in other cars and he does not have one.

A couple of much earlier examples, but ones that I cherish, come to mind. One is a story—a favorite kid story with me—of a youngster who was a baseball fan. This yarn was the work of Don Ewing, a reporter for the *Associated Press*, and it concerned a boy whose heart had been broken over the disclosure that certain members of the Chicago White Sox had been bribed to throw the 1919 World Series to the Cincinnati Reds.

Joe Jackson, the great Sox left fielder, was a hero with the knee-pants generation of that time, and Ewing sensed possible drama in a group of several hundred small boys waiting outside the criminal courts building. As Jackson left the grand jury room where he had been testifying, Ewing joined him. The A.P.'s man reported that "a tiny youngster timidly stepped up to the outfielder and tugged at his sleeve."

"Say it ain't so, Joe," he pleaded.

Joe Jackson looked down.

"Yes, kid, I'm afraid it is."

The crowd of little fans parted silently to make a path.

"Well, I'd never thought it," gulped the youngster. "I'd never thought it."

Far be it from me to question the authenticity of this tale, but it certainly smacks of fabrication. If invention it was, however, it was one of the pardonable kind that does no harm. Actually, it humanized the Sox-Reds scandal. It is now a piece of American folklore, as touching as the urchin stories at which James Whitcomb Riley was so successful.

THE other celebrated, not-so-recent incident that sticks in my mind is the crediting of the phrase, "Lafayette, we are here!" to Gen. Pershing.

The general had arrived in Paris and with members of his staff had gone to visit Lafayette's tomb. It was too good an opportunity for the imaginative press to miff. America was paying her debt to France and if there was any possible way for Pershing to deliver a properly historic line the boys were going to see that he did so. The general was duly credited in the cables with the moving assurance to Lafayette's ghost, but actually the words

about "being here" were spoken by Col. Charles E. Stanton, a member of Pershing's staff.

Then there was the "famous saying" about the "smoke-filled room," associated with the nomination of Warren G. Harding for the Presidency. It was attributed to Harry M. Daugherty, Harding's campaign manager, but the evidence points to someone else as the originator.

Daugherty was popularly supposed to have predicted that there would be a stalemate, with none of the leading candidates able to muster the necessary majority of votes for nomination, and that Harding would be chosen by a small group of leaders in a hotel room.

As Mark Sullivan records, "fifteen men in a smoke-filled room" became throughout the English tongue, certainly in America, "an accepted and universally familiar cliché, the newspaper and conventional symbol for political manipulations of a somewhat sordid sort."

SULLIVAN has set down what he considers the true origin of the phrase. He got it from Charles D. Hilles, of New York, who apparently was present when this gem of American political lore was born.

According to Hilles, "Daugherty was hastily packing his bag in a Waldorf Astoria hotel room when two reporters called. He expressed regret that he had not time for an interview. One of the reporters persisted in asking questions. Daugherty indifferently uttered a few laconic sentences and started for the elevator."

The reporter, trying to provoke Daugherty into talk, followed. He said that he presumed that as Daugherty could not support by an authentic table of delegates his boast that Harding would be the nominee, it followed that Daugherty must expect to win by manipulation—probably in some back room of a hotel with a small group of political managers reduced to pulp by the inevitable vigil and travail.

The reporter went on to say to Daugherty that he presumed the conferees would be expected to surrender at 2:00 a. m. in a smoke-filled room. Daugherty, unaffected by the taunt, retorted carelessly, "Make it 2:11."

Mr. Sullivan adds: "From which one may infer that many 'famous sayings' were not truly, or at least not wholly, the expressions of those to whom they are attributed, but were in many cases the inventions, partly or wholly, of a bystander, a reporter or chronicler, whose sense of the dramatic knew better what the hero ought to say than the hero could possibly know himself."

Thus, he continues, "I doubt whether that earthy and salty Vermonter, Ethan Allen, at his capture of Fort Ticonderoga, ever put his demand on the British commander in any such words as 'Surrender this fort instantly—in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!' And I knew a man who was familiar with the circumstances in which a Vanderbilt did not say, 'The public be damned!'"

CAN the passion for color, carried to the point of improvisation in quotes, be considered a trend? I think not. While it is more prevalent than in the heyday of Joe Jackson or Gen. Pershing, most newspaper men stick closely to their hallowed rule of accuracy. The desire for punch in the news simply has grown so strong that reporters become over-anxious. And too often the hero makes the dullest of all possible statements in a situation made for drama.

What's a reporter going to do?

While the prosaic words of a slow-witted celebrity may be revamped so that they will fit the occasion, the alteration usually is a harmless one, and the general description of the event itself comes off with a fair degree of precision.

I am a newspaper man myself and I do not view the situation with concern. But I do wonder what the Governor of North Carolina really said to the Governor of South Carolina.

Tall Story Winner

The Indiana University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, has named John Canning, Jr., (Grinnell '31) Albia, Iowa, winner of their second annual Tall Story contest. Mr. Canning will receive a gold key and a check for \$20 for his first-prize entry.

Warren E. Crane of the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*, won second prize of \$10, and Baxter Brown of the Herington (Kans.) *Times-Sun*, third prize of \$5.

Other place winners were: Robert Metz of the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Evening News*, and W. D. Allen of the Brookline (Mass.) *Chronicle*, tied for fourth; Edward F. Smith of the Jackson (Mich.) *Citizen Patriot*, sixth and seventh places for his two entries; Mr. Canning, eighth; W. S. Meriwether of the Charleston (Miss.) *Sun*, ninth, and Leonard E. Pearson, a member of the Indianapolis bureau of the *Associated Press*, tenth.

Mr. Canning's prize-winning story which he contributed to *THE QUILL* some time ago, follows:

A kid reporter had limbered up on obits and zoo stories for several days, when he got a fire assignment. He returned with all the details, and considerably agitated, as it was his own city editor's home which, as the kid already had planned to put, was "devoured by flames." He tried to tell the old guy about it, but was told to "feed it to a typewriter, not to me." Shortly he approached the desk with three pages of copy in his hand. The editor saw him coming. "Is that the fire story?" he asked. The cub said it was. "Go back and boil it down to a paragraph; it was only a one-alarm fire and we're tight for space," yelled the editor. Five minutes later the kid laid this story on the desk: "The home of the city editor of a local newspaper was destroyed by fire today." "That's better," said the editor. He was sore as hell that evening when he walked through the front door of his home and fell into the cellar. Conciseness had got out of hand.

It's a Wise Publisher Who Leads His Community in



Robert Houlehen

Making the Most Of a Town's Traditions

By ROBERT HOULEHEN

IT'S a wise community that makes the most of its historical background to attract tourist trade, to build up its resort area, and to boom Main Street business. And it's a wise editor who leads the way or actively pushes such development.

This is the story of the Lake Mills (Wis.) *Leader* and how it took advantage of local history, turned it into copy, and promoted the development of local tradition into a selling point for the town and area. This is also the story of Aztalan, an Indian village that existed almost 1,000 years ago on the banks of the sleepy Crawfish River, three miles from Lake Mills. But don't go. This isn't a lesson in ancient history.

AZTALAN. Sounds romantic, doesn't it? Well, if Aztalan had been an ordinary Indian village, and Southern Wisconsin is full of them, this story might be just ancient history. But Aztalan has been hailed as one of the Seven Wonders of the New World and has been linked to the Aztec culture of Mexico.

The historical facts are briefly told. Almost 1,000 years ago, an Indian tribe built a triple-walled city on the high banks of the Crawfish River. The two inner walls were of earth, the outer wall was built of logs 12 feet high and faced with clay. Blockhouses were placed at intervals. It was an impregnable fortress for those days. Lake Mills legend further tells of three truncated pyramids or mounds which are now covered by Rock Lake, on whose shore Lake Mills stands. But even the hiring of Eugene Max Nohl, a famous diver, has proved nothing.

Surrounded by their walls, the Aztalians lived in security if not in peace. They were a warlike people, ruthless, cannibals. In the firepits and refuse heaps have been found the remains of cracked human bones, the marrow scooped out to be eaten as a delicacy. But Aztalan fell, per-

haps at the hands of an invading tribe, perhaps by a desperate slave people. What happened to the tribe is not known, but the walls were burned and the land went back to the prairie grasses.

Not until the whites came to Southern Wisconsin did Aztalan rise again, this time in the form of a little crossroads town of the same name. The farmers were a practical folk and had little time for wall bases, arrowheads, and mounds. They plowed and planted and reaped. It remained for Judge N. C. Hyer to hastily survey the site in 1837. His survey was described in the Greenwich (N. Y.) *Eagle* and later in the Milwaukee *Advertiser*. In 1850, Dr. Increase A. Lapham again described Aztalan in his "Antiquities of Wisconsin."

Although several fine collections were made by local persons, the ancient site was marked only by waving corn and mounds and wall bases until 1919. In that year, a party of archaeologists from the Milwaukee Public Museum, under Dr. Samuel A. Barrett, excavated the site and published the first complete report on one of the first American cities. But when the museum party had finished their work, Aztalan went back to the plow.

Little was done to perpetuate the story and the location of the ancient city, although the upper part of the site was set aside as a state park. A sign was erected and a small rest house was put up, but nothing was done to make Aztalan a tourist goal. Lake Mills developed the story of the pyramids and soon advertised itself as the Pyramid City. Nobody visioned a museum, a yearly Aztalan festival was undreamed-of even by the most chronic boosters.

BUT this spring, an idea was born in Lake Mills in the mind of City Attorney Herman Schmidt, who saw advantages for Lake Mills in the development of Aztalan running side by side with the historical value of preserving the old city.

Lake Mills has always been proud of Aztalan, regards it quite as its own, for booming Lake Mills is three miles from Aztalan, has two banks, a movie house, a weekly paper, and a dozen large stores. It also has a great respect for history. Its chief summer industry is the tourist trade.

When Attorney Schmidt began urging the building of a community museum at Aztalan, the staff of the Lake Mills *Leader*, Mr. and Mrs. Willis J. Erlandson and myself, had an idea. Why not, we reasoned, write a serial story using the historical background of Aztalan and building ourselves a plot to fit? We took Mr. Schmidt into our confidence and he cheered us on. Then came the question, who should write the story? I was elected, after some discussion. This was June.

That week's edition of the *Leader* carried the publicity for "The Sunset Land," as we named the story, and the week following the story began. I wrote under another name, for fear the story would stink, which it did in spots. But the serial went over and comments began to roll in.

HERE'S the story. An amateur archaeologist discovers an ancient document written in hieroglyphics similar to those of the Aztecs. When he deciphers the picture-writing, he reads the story of

[Continued on page 19]

CIRCULATION, copy and cash are to be expected by the newspaper which does a good job of helping its community to make the most of its traditions—at least that is the experience of the Lake Mills (Wis.) *Leader*, as related by Bob Houlehen in the accompanying article.

Bob, a senior in journalism at the University of Wisconsin, also is a member of the Lake Mills *Leader* staff, and desk editor on the Daily Cardinal. He expects to go into the weekly field on graduation. His newspaper work began with the publication, in the eighth grade, of a small school paper. He was first editor of the Steuben Junior High School Scribe, in Milwaukee; edited a playground daily and later the Badger Record, University of Wisconsin extension weekly in Milwaukee.



This is an 1891 newspaper artist's conception of Sally Friddle, accredited with supernatural powers by fellow Virginians.

"**B**RESS Gawd, Massa, an old 'oman wit red beard an' a hump on her back came to me las night. 'Git up,' she says, an' up I hopped. Den she straddled my back an' I went a pacing off sech as I never seen no hos do afore. She rode me into a co'nfield, an' we didn't stop for no fence, but trabbled up a shaft of moonlight. She filled a yaller bag wit co'n an' den make me kerry her an' de co'n to a little house up yander whar a whole yardful of black cats meowed us a welcome. Den she gimme a slash wit a blacksnake whip an' ses, 'Scat,' an' I tuck to my heels an' paced home. Yoh can't spec me to work today, Massa; I'se too fagged out."

And that was the way the colored hired man got the day off, a staff correspondent of the *New York Herald* wrote nearly 50 years ago after he had been sent to Virginia to search the Alleghanies for witches.

Some day when you have a lot of time and want to read a highly amusing article of Virginia's witch problem of just a half a century ago, as it was seen through the eyes of a Northern newspaper writer, turn to the files of the *New York Herald* of 1891 and seek out the edition of Sunday May 31.

During the nineties it was the custom of the energetic *Herald* under James Gordon Bennett, the younger, to send reporters to spend the day with various notables of the time or to spend a day at some famous or notorious resort of this "mauve decade" and report the findings for the sensation-seeking readers of the *Herald*.

Well, Bennett or one of his editors, heard that Virginia's mountains were overrun with witches, so he sent a man to "get the story" for the paper. He went there for witches, under orders to find some, and naturally he went back to New York with a long yarn about the weird creatures, including the story about the old colored man's night visitor with which this account begins.

THE article, which no doubt would have been interesting to Virginians of the day, began in this fashion:

Modern Reporters Are Sent on Few Assignment in Witch

By JOHN PAUL JONES, JR.

"The superstitions of the old Colonial times still survive in the mountains of Virginia. I do not refer to the Voodoo worship of the colored people but to the beliefs that are common among the white folks of the region. Among the Alleghanies 'witchcraft celebrates pale Hecate's offerings,' and within easy reaching distance of Fincastle there are a number of withered hags who less than a century ago would have been burned at the stake for the black arts they are supposed to practice. They are reputed to be witches, and to meet one of them at midnight would appall the bravest inhabitant.

"At least two of these women belonged to fine families in the long ago and were noted for their beauty and their jewels. In the olden time witchcraft was not confined to the Puritans of New England. Princess Anne Courthouse, a little village southeast of Richmond, witnessed the ducking of Grace Sherwood in the waters of Lynnhaven Bay for witchcraft. The belief in witches has never died out in this vicinity."

It was to "this vicinity" that the writer went and what did he find? He found, he wrote, that the most notorious of the Virginia witches were named Sally; the reason for this being that there had at one

time been a witch named Sally Slate who had achieved fame in the region, she being the one who had ridden the colored man into the corn patch in the middle of the night.

Then there was a Sally Friddle who lived on Pottes' Creek in Alleghany County at the time the writer was there, he declares, who was doing a wonderful thing. Behind her closet door she kept a tow linen towel which she had kept there for over 40 years. The towel was her magic servant and when she wanted her pail to fill up with milk from one of her neighbors' cows she placed a silver dollar in the bottom of the pail and repeated before the towel:

"The milk for her,
The cream for me;
Saw, Brownie, Saw."

If the name of the neighbor's cow was something other than "Brownie" she used the correct name, and the pail would fill up with the cream from that cow. When the neighbor did his milking all he got was a scant amount of skimmed milk and then he would know that Sally had been practicing her magic on him. She was fair in one way, however, she only took milk from the same cow once every two or three weeks.

THEN the writer found living at the county poorhouse a "noted witch" by the

TURNING back the pages of 50 years ago, John Paul Jones, Jr., instructor in journalism at the University of Illinois, comes up with this interesting account of the story penned by a *New York Herald* reporter sent into the mountains of Virginia to write about witches.

Mr. Jones, who is in his second year at Illinois, is working toward a Ph.D. degree in history and political science. He received his M.A. in journalism from the University of Wisconsin in 1939. His other journalistic activities have included: editorship of the *Palatka (Fla.) Daily News*; United Press correspondence for two Florida counties; special Sunday feature writer for the *Richmond (Va.) Times Dispatch*; articles for various Sunday supplements and magazines; instructor in journalism, University of Florida; graduate assistant in journalism, University of Wisconsin.

He is president of the Central Illinois Professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi at Urbana-Champaign.



John Paul Jones, Jr.

Stories That Compare With an 1891 Land!

name of Lidy Hughes who had been forsaken by all her kin because of her evil powers. Once she was shot by proxy with a silver bullet because a cow died in the neighborhood. The owner of the beast drew her picture on a piece of paper with the juice of a root and tacked it on a beech tree at the scene of the animal's death. Then taking careful aim he shot her with a silver bullet. As a result the next day the "witch" was seen limping, and, the *Herald* writer declared, she was still lame from the bullet when he saw her.

The same woman was left in charge of a pot of boiling soap one day. For a while all went well, then suddenly she was heard to scream that she was burned, burned. The matron of the county farm and a helper ran to her and found the pot of soap sizzling at the bottom of a creek nearby and the "witch" yelling in pain, but the strange thing about it was that there wasn't a drop of hot soap on her.

In describing the appearance of the witches the newspaper correspondent said:

"The Virginia witches are poor, scant-garbed, hunger-crazed creatures. They are usually of bearded chins and otherwise hideous. That they possess power unusual to the human being is without doubt. Perhaps it is, after all, an undeveloped, unconscious germ of the occult science yet to be explained away."

Evidently he came to the Dominion Mountains, saw the unbelievable, and was convinced.

A SIGNIFICANT item in regard to the observations of the New York writer of the 90's is that he got most of his stories of Virginia witches from colored people and children. He related the tale of Albert Lynch, whom he styles "a respectable and reliable colored man," as follows:

The old man spent the night in a lonely schoolhouse and a witch came and held an orgy over his body. She called in to her assistance a whole retinue of queer and curious creatures and they all danced by the light of the fox fire, but at the first sound of day, the crowing of a rooster, the entire troop scampered up the wide throat of the chimney.

Sounds like an old-time fairy story. Either the colored man had a good imagination or the writer resorted to more fiction than fact in his report. He admits that the thing might have been a dream but adds:

"But how can we explain the fact that in one district a woman declares the witch of another 'won't allow her butter to come' or her life in other channels to run smoothly? How ex-

plain the fact that a witch declares certain things will happen and a year later they do happen?"

The writer related the story of Ann Croft, a witch whom he found living in Alleghany County. She had been living there for 30 years and all declared she possessed powers left her by her witch mother. Many of her enemies said of her that she was responsible for the troubles she envisioned for people while others declared that she was a great medium through which the future was foretold.

On one occasion she was visiting a woman and was asked to read from her "magic book." She told the woman that she saw a coffin and the woman was immediately worried because her son was away at war. But the witch read her thoughts and told her that her son would not die in battle; he would choke to death. The mother worried more than ever, fearing that the son would be captured in battle and hanged as a spy. But her fears were in vain. He was never hanged; he died of diphtheria in a hospital.

ANOTHER story about the same witch was not so tragic. An old man lost his coat and as he was too poor to buy another the event was indeed bad for him. The summer passed away and fall came around and he was still without the coat. He had searched everywhere and was ready to give up. Finally, he went to Ann and asked her about the missing garment. She went into a trance and began to read from her wonderful book. "It hangs in a dark place, upon a knife stuck in the wall," she read.

The old fellow began another search and this time found the coat hanging on a butcher knife behind the door in a house from which his sister-in-law had been gone all summer.

Still another interesting tale the writer got from a young boy. It was the story of Mrs. Roland, who was considered by all as a witch. Some went so far as to say that she was a living representative of "his dark and awful majesty." Upon what grounds they based the accusation no one knew. At any rate, one day the youngster was building a fire for the old lady when she told him sharply, "Set a chair, quick, for Lucy." He got the chair but saw no one. He did, however, he swore, hear the rustle of silk and he heard Mrs. Roland begin to quarrel with her dead sister.

"Stay in purgatory," she said, "or else you'll have all those silk dresses so creased and glazed that they won't do for Houseman's rag bag. You only come back to hear yourself rustle in silk, you proud hussy, and Satan can have no revenge, because you burned yourself up here."

The lad related how "Lucy" was a frequent visitor at the house and how she squabbled violently most of the time with the old lady. Most of the time she was arguing about the family jewels which Mrs. Roland had allowed other relatives to steal from her. At one time, so the boys



An artist's conception of Mrs. Roland, who figured in the account of an 1891 reporter sent on an assignment to search for witches in Virginia.

said, the ghost slapped Mrs. Roland's face and the marks of her hand were visible on the woman's cheek.

The *Herald* writer goes on to say that the people of the region believed in the powers of the witches and that they attempted to protect themselves from them. Some of them, he declared, would not go to bed on a windy night without first sprinkling salt around their beds. This was supposed to keep out witches. Others would place a knife, fork, and spoon at the head of their bed so they could see the witches when they came and could tell who they were. Still others resorted to the practice of placing bent pins in the tracks of suspected witches. If a person, the supposed evil one, limped on the return journey, it was known that she was a witch for the miraculous pins had done their work.

ACCORDING TO—

"I very much enjoy *THE QUILL*."—Jack F. Newman, Muskegon (Mich.) *Chronicle*.

★

"I certainly want to express my appreciation of *THE QUILL*."—Joe Richman, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

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★

"Congratulations on the swell job you are doing with *THE QUILL*. It's always of great interest to me and to the others here in the office."—ANTHONY J. KOELKER, Farm Editor, NBC, Chicago, Ill.

Let the Other Staffers Have Regularity and Routine, But



Morris B. Penner, right, and Jose Iturbi, with whom he flew to get an interview.

Spare Me the Bonds Of a Beat or a Desk!

By MORRIS B. PENNER

After a few practice landings by himself, Iturbi asked me if I was ready for a hop with him. I had never been up in a light plane before, but I weakly said "Yes."

The air was unusually bumpy, and the pianist, or rather pilot now, told me that if I felt the least bit woozy, to tell him and he would cut short the flight. As I had just finished smoking a cigar he had offered me, I didn't know just how I would feel (with all respects to the cigar).

Miraculously I did not become ill. In addition to obtaining my story 1,200 feet above the ground in a bucking airplane, Iturbi took time out to give me my first flying instructions. I must say that he showed considerable bravery in trusting me with the controls, which were of the dual type. While we were flying, he told me some of his interesting experiences encountered while flying. It was Iturbi who was the last person hauled out of a Clipper plane which had collided with a boat in a South American harbor.

MY first big assignment was covering a communist riot at the Municipal Auditorium, which incidentally, is dedicated to the war dead. To go back a bit, the mayor's executive assistant had granted the local Communist party a permit to meet in the auditorium.

Immediately afterward, a wave of protest broke out from church, civic and patriotic groups. In spite of an ominous amount of rising public disapproval, Mayor Maury Maverick refused to rescind the permit to meet in the auditorium, asserting that "under the constitution I am bound to allow freedom of speech."

On the night of Aug. 25, 1939, a small group of communists assembled for their meeting. So did a crowd of 8,000 other persons. In brief, the auditorium was stormed and the communists scattered under a hail of stones. More than a score of firemen, policemen and spectators were injured in the melee in which tear gas and fire hoses were used.

Although two other reporters from the *Express* were covering the story with me, they were both inside the auditorium when "hell broke loose." I was outside the entrance watching the efforts of the police to control the crowd surging against the ropes. Someone threw a rock and the fire hoses were brought into play.

I rushed for a phone and told a waiting rewrite man that the trouble had begun. I went back to the scene. Rocks now were flying thick and fast. Before the evening was over, nearly every window on the first floor of the auditorium had been broken.

I would like to add here that the first edition of the *Express*, a morning paper, comes out at 9 p. m. on the streets. The first edition of the *Express* was on the street before the crowd had dispersed!

IT has been my chief ambition since I entered newspaper work to be a foreign correspondent. By a series of "breaks," I had the good fortune to interview three top European correspondents in almost as many weeks.

The three, Vincent Sheean, H. R. Knickerbocker and Maurice Hindus, had been together in Prague, Czechoslovakia when Germany marched into that country.

THERE are plenty of newspapermen, working on general assignments who think they have a rather rough go of it. They long for a "beat" or the desk where they are assured, with few exceptions, of regular hours and a fairly good idea of what their work will consist of the next day.

Spare me from either. I'll take general assignments any day. Why? Principally for the great variety of news stories a reporter on general will handle.

I never know what experiences the next day will bring or whether I'll go to the work the same time as I did the previous day or finish at the same time. That's the way I'd rather it would be.

SINCE coming to work for the San Antonio *Express* nearly two years ago, my general assignments have included stories ranging from reviewing symphony concerts to covering riots.

And mind this. During these two years, I have covered every beat in the city, five to be exact, at some time or another and thus feel that I am in a fairly strong position to compare general assignment reporting with a beat.

While some desk men or reporters on a beat have been "up in the air" over their work, one of my assignments resulted in my literally "being up in the air."

Little did I know what was in store for me when my city editor told me to interview Jose Iturbi, noted pianist, conductor and incidentally a darn good flyer, having more than 600 hours of flying time to his credit.

It was just as Iturbi was leaving his hotel that I barged in on him. The pianist was leaving for the airport for a short flight and suggested that I go along with him. I readily acquiesced. We reached the airport in short order and a light plane was waiting for Iturbi.

IT'S every man to his choice or lot in newspapering—but in the accompanying article Morris B. Penner gives a few reasons why he prefers the uncertainty of hours or duties that characterizes general assignments, as compared to the routine of a beat or desk job.

Mr. Penner, a member of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, spent his first college year at the University of Missouri, his second at the University of Kansas, then returned to Missouri, where he obtained his journalism degree in 1938. He did publicity for the State of Missouri at the New York World's Fair, subsequently worked on the Salt Lake Tribune and then joined the staff of the San Antonio *Express*.

In interviewing Sheean, I learned a new method of interviewing a person when that person is in a terrific hurry and changing clothes and rooms in between questions.

I had to get an advance story from Sheean before he spoke that night and have it written and on the city editor's desk by 7 p. m. Sheean was scheduled to speak to a forum audience at 8:15 p. m. When I went to his hotel, he had just gotten in. It was then after 6 p. m. The sponsors of the forum had arranged a dinner for him at 6:30.

Aside from this, I had practically nothing to worry about. Sheean invited me to his room and courteously told me that I would have to obtain my interview while he was changing clothes. No sooner had we reached his room, than he received a call from Chicago.

Nervously looking at my watch, I waited for the call to end. Then just as he proceeded to change and I to ask my questions, a knock was heard. It was the bell boy informing Sheean he was in the wrong room. The change was made hurriedly and no sooner had we reached the new room, than two young high

school reporters ganged up on Sheean.

By this time, I was ready to push Sheean into the room, lock the door and disconnect the telephone. I finally got my questions "to rolling" and found Sheean a most pleasant person to interview. Just before I left, a letter was brought to Sheean's room. The letter was a card of thanks from Winston Churchill, then Great Britain's first lord of the admiralty, thanking Sheean for a book written by the correspondent.

By the "grace of Hannah," I made the first edition.

HINDUS, another interesting correspondent and author, furnished me with a novel experience in interviewing. Hindus had somehow registered at the wrong hotel, which caused me some difficulty in locating him.

After finding him, I learned that Hindus was having difficulty in getting in touch with the sponsor of the lecture he was to deliver that night. Fortunately, I knew the sponsor and was able to help out on the matter.

The bushy-haired Hindus, one of the most prolific writers in America on Rus-

sia, gave me a bang-up story on the then raging Russo-Finnish War.

One of my most treasured assignments is the occasion on which I interviewed both Orson Welles and H. G. Wells the same day. By coincidence, the two were in the city at the same time. They had never met although it was Orson's dramatization of H. G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds" which caused a nationwide sensation and near panic.

While interviewing Orson Welles (before the two had met), he expressed a feeling of timidity in meeting the famous English author who had at one time expressed disapproval of Orson's dramatization of his "The War of the Worlds."

The two distinguished persons met, however, with no visible signs of embarrassment on the part of young Orson.

TO emphasize how radically assignments may vary from one to another, I would like to touch on a plane crash and a national hairdresser's association convention.

A military plane had crashed about 30 miles east of the city and a photographer [Concluded on page 12]

I ACCUSE the publishers, managers and editors of small daily papers and country weeklies of gross neglect, bad manners and lack of consideration for the feelings of their fellow newspapermen.

Why? Because they don't answer letters—application for job letters—written to them.

In this respect they show themselves to be poor businessmen.

HERE'S my tale. Just before I was graduated from college, I sent out scores of application letters. In fact, I sent out more than 200 of them. I spent my time and effort meticulously typing them out. Though I didn't get a job, 40 per cent of my addressees were courteous enough to reply. But what of the other 60 per cent?

Those letters were all to editors of country weeklies and small city dailies. They were addressed to the individual in charge of the paper, for I had gone through Ayer's Newspaper Directory and secured the editors' names when I was choosing my sending field.

Further: when answering newspaper advertisements, blind or otherwise, in reply to a definite call for a man to fill a job, I found the same woeful lack of consideration on the part of weekly and small daily editors. Here is a newspaper advertising for a man. I, like scores of other applicants, sat down at my typewriter to tell the publisher about myself—my education, experience, abilities, personal characteristics—and what do they do in return? Write me? Not on your life!

NOW, I realize that it takes only one person to fill one job. The inquiring employer doesn't care much whether it's you or me whom he hires. He wants a capable, experienced, qualified man for the job. He gets his man and he's satisfied.

THE QUILL for March, 1941

I've Got a Gripe

By ISRAEL AUERBACH

But in return for that neatly typed application letter of mine and that application photograph—the photographer charges plenty for them—he could at least send me a postcard saying the job has

been filled, that I do not meet the requirements or that my letter will be placed on file. Whether or not he puts my letter on file, I don't care. That doesn't mean a thing. No, I don't mind one bit if my letter goes into the wastebasket—and that's where it goes—if I get a penny postcard in return.

This printed penny postcard would not need to be a three-color job. Nor would it have to be a literary masterpiece. It wouldn't even have to be diplomatic. It could state: "Dear Sir: Your application letter has been received. Thank you for sending it. The position has been filled. However, we will keep your letter on file. Your very truly."

YOU'LL notice I haven't included metropolitan dailies in this little tirade. The reason is that large city newspapers will answer your application letter. Sure, there's no job open, but they have the courtesy to reply. It's a good business habit and good taste.

When I apply for a job I want to know where I stand. Has the job been filled? If not, am I being considered? If I get the job will I be notified on Friday to travel 500 miles to start work the following Monday morning?

I'm not fussy, but the employer has my application letter before him, and he can check on me by writing my references. On the other hand, unless I am in the state where the paper is published, I probably know nothing at all about the business with which I will associate myself. The "largest paper in Bigosh County" may be "the best advertising medium in its territory," but I don't know a thing about Bigosh County or the territory.

My gripe, however, is against those who don't answer letters. And my wish for them is: "a plague on all your papers."

THE editors and publishers at whom this young journalism school graduate takes a crack probably would excuse their failure to reply to his letters of application on the grounds they are "too busy."

Is that an adequate answer? Aren't the youngsters aspiring to journalistic jobs, so anxious to get a chance for experience, entitled to a little courtesy and encouragement?



Wilbur Peterson

IF I were to seek advice regarding a job or a possible career on a small city daily newspaper, I would want the truth.

If the work is hard, I would want to know it.

If the pay is small, I would want to know it.

If the hours are long, I would want to know it.

If there is possibility of "working upward" in the business, perhaps eventually to become an owner or part-owner, I would want to know it.

If the probability is that of staying in a rut for the rest of my life, I would want to know it.

I would want to know these and other things, if I were going to work on a small city daily—and I would want the most truthful advice I could get.

SO, believing those interested in the small daily field as a possible vocation are entitled to the truth, I'm going to give it to the best of my ability.

I am a publisher who has been through the mill of weekly editorship, semi-weekly publisher, and then launched upon that glorious adventure of a small city daily. Without bragging, may I say that I think I "know the ropes" when it comes to a daily paper in one of the smallest of daily newspaper towns.

Like many another man, I got into newspaper work "by accident," so to speak, and not because I had any particular ability or training for it. During my army service in the World War, I became the pal of a man who prior to the war had been engaged in newspaper circulation work—automobile contests. It was natural, on our discharge, with only a uniform and the huge sum of \$60 in our pockets, that we had to find work quickly—and just as natural that we turn to circulation work, the work the older of the two knew. We made money at it, invested our funds in a wholesale house that went broke, and again found ourselves in newspaper work, this time as

There Are Opportunities and Rewards on Non

news reporters on a weekly paper, and this time without making any money.

But just at that time, the wheel of fortune turned again, and stopped on our number. It was in 1921 that the government Veterans Bureau gave us a physical examination, found that our war disabilities were such as to warrant assistance, and, without much objection on our part, induced us to spend four years at Columbia University studying journalism—expenses paid.

From there on in, I became an out-and-out newspaperman, instead of the architect or engineer dreamed about in my youth, though I'd better add that since that time I've had opportunity for not a little architectural work as well as engineering, to say nothing of statistical work, political counselor, strategical expert, public relations adviser, and any number of other endeavors that necessarily fall in the path of the small daily newspaperman.

MY home town was Marshall, Minn. I was born and raised there, and returned there in 1925 direct from Columbia University. Let me inject here the advice that the longer you can keep from returning to your home town for a career, the better off you will be—there are too many people who still see you in knee pants even after you've passed 50.

But let me hasten over the remainder of this bit of biography. I became the associate editor of the *Marshall News-Messenger*, a weekly paper. Associate editor sounds good, but covered a multitude of effort that included writing the local news stories, editing the rural correspondence, covering sports, rounding out an editorial page, selling half the advertising, writing the headlines, making up the front page and probably three or four others, sticking inserts at press time, wrapping bundles at the mailing table, and so on, and on and on! An associate editorship on a small city daily paper, you'll find not greatly different—only more so.

Five years later, our paper changed to semi-weekly, with myself as editor and one of four publishers. Two years later, our paper was changed to a daily publication—I am now editor, advertising manager, and one of two publishers.

Marshall was a borderline town in 1932, with a population of some 3,300; it is still a borderline town in 1940, with a population of 4,570. At the time of changing to daily frequency, it was the only town in Minnesota under 5,000 population to have a daily newspaper. At the time of change, in 1932, the depression, we hoped, had reached bottom. Newspaper folk told us we'd go broke within a year with a daily in a town of that size—I suppose that we did, but we kept the door open, and it's still open. During those eight years, we encountered all the usual difficulties of developing a small city daily, and, on top of those, such additional headaches as two years of drouth,

Are You a Big To Fill a Small

By WILBUR P

Editor and Co-Publisher, the *Marshall*

social security taxes, and 44 to 40-hour weeks!

I give all this "background material," because my opinions on small city daily life and opportunities may to some extent be beyond the pale of normalcy. And I confess that I have been too busy attempting to solve our own problems to know much about the conditions on other small city dailies. I tell you my background, and leave you to judge for yourself whether the requirements and the returns that I think the small city daily demands and gives are average.

WHAT training, what aptitudes do you need for successful endeavor on the small city daily—perhaps to put it better, what education, what background?

I've often heard it said, and read, that to be successful in the newspaper business today, one must be a specialist—that he must know a little about everything and everything about something. In the small city daily field, it is a certainty that you must be a specialist—but I stress the fact that you should be a specialist not in just something, but in everything!

It isn't enough to know how to report police news, or courthouse news. It isn't enough to be a sports' writer, or a political writer. It isn't enough to be able to cover the Tuesday meeting of the Ladies' Thursday Political Club. It isn't enough to know how to describe the charming bride, nor to be able to tell what a beautiful corpse the victim was!

It isn't enough to be an expert only on farm news, or to be able to forecast accurately what oats will run per acre or that the corn will be two weeks late this season. It isn't enough to have the ability to obtain a good interview from

IF you were considering a job on a small city daily, I would like to give you the opportunity of a candid, face-to-face discussion of the situation from a man who knew it from experience.

Whether you face such a problem today or not, you have the opportunity of such an insight into that situation from a man who knows it from experience. Wilbur Peterson, editor, co-publisher and (Minn.) *Messenger*. He was to have given the address at the convention of Sigma Delta Chi in Des Moines, Iowa, but he was unable to make the journey.

Mr. Peterson was born and raised in Marshall, Minn., attended the University of Minnesota, attended and was graduated from Columbia University and then returned to Marshall to edit the *News-Messenger*, later a semi-weekly, and

Non-Metropolitan Dailies, But the Question Is:

Big Enough Man Small-Town Job?

WILBUR PETERSON

the Marshall (Minn.) Daily Messenger

whatever political light or other celebrity who happens to visit your city.

On the small city daily, the worthwhile reporter must be able to do all of these things, and many more.

It isn't enough to be able to write biting political editorials, expert farm editorials, or appealing human interest editorials.

You must be able to write all of them, on the small city daily.

Similarly, it isn't enough to have the faculty of turning out a daily personal column on sports, or politics, or human interest paragraphs. You must be capable of doing all or any of them. I know of numerous instances on our paper when I have had to write the sports column, as well as the others, and not only myself, but my reporters, have on occasion had to crash out our "Tea Time Topics," which is regularly written by a housewife.

And another point which I think all of you who contemplate small city daily work should know and appreciate is this, that it isn't enough to be a good news writer, even though you can adequately cover every type of story, that it isn't enough to be a top-notch feature writer or editorial writer.

THERE is more to small city daily work than writing, and in my personal observations I have seen few men who could stick to the mere business of writing and last long in this field. I am speaking again, mind you, of the smallest, small city daily field.

Bear in mind that these smaller dailies are

ordinarily understaffed. It's not because it ought to be that way, nor because the publishers want it—the margin of profit just doesn't warrant carrying a staff that would make all of the jobs normal or easy. There's no way of determining when peak loads will occur, and if there were, there's no way of obtaining, in a hurry, the extra help that such peak loads would demand. As I see it, it's nobody's fault—it's simply a characteristic of the small city daily, a condition that, until recent years at least, has been generally and pretty cheerfully accepted by the employees.

And so you must have further training and background to stand a chance of forging ahead on a small city daily. You must have at least a general knowledge of the mechanical end of a newspaper, enough knowledge of it so that after a few months of observation and study in the plant you can throw an ad together, stick headlines, or make up a page, or two or three, of the newspaper. I don't say that it's a general rule that front office men are called on for this work, but when the heavy loads turn up, you can expect to be called—union shops, of course, excepted.

Does it sound too tough? I don't think so—to those of us who have been in the business for years, it's routine, and I doubt if we'd like it any other way!

Very much the same thing applies when it comes to circulation, business office, and advertising fields. In the latter especially—the advertising field—you should have training.

Even though your job's that of a reporter or a sports' writer, you should know how to write a good ad. You should know what it takes to make a good ad, you should know how to make an attractive layout, and, perhaps most important of all, you should know how to sell it. You can't work on a small city daily and not be called upon for these things, no matter how effective the advertising department is—if the boss doesn't ask you to do it, an advertiser, sooner or later, will! On a lesser scale, much the same thing applies to the circulation and business departments.

NOW reverse the whole procedure, and you have a smattering of what it takes to go places on a small city daily. If you're in the circulation department, you've got to know how to write, and sell an ad. If you're in the advertising department, you've likewise got to know how to write a news or feature story, and at least how to turn out the promotion matter for a circulation deal.

There is no nice division of labor on the small city daily—if you would have the training, the background that it takes for success, to be a specialist in everything. That, you may say, is an impossibility, and I suppose that it is. But you get the point that I am trying to make—the small daily puts demands on every worker that are not found in the big daily field.

I make these points, of course, with the thought that if you go to work on a small city daily, you hope eventually to work upward and become an executive in the organization, such as an editor, an advertising or circulation manager, a partner, or even the owner of the whole shooting match. Should you, I hope, become the publisher, then you will really find that the background I have listed here is indeed scant!

To some extent I have already answered the natural question in your mind as to how hard you have to work on a small city daily. I believe that at times I have worked just as hard on a weekly paper. I know that I have worked just as hard on a semi-weekly—the difference on the small daily is that the work is better organized, and so far as an average week is concerned, proceeds even more smoothly than is often the case on the weekly or semi-weekly.

But small daily work is hard work—I would be doing you an injustice if I told you otherwise. I have seen the time, for example, and more than once, when after putting in a regular day at the office and covering a political meeting at night, I have had to crawl out of bed to cover a bad accident at midnight and a fire at 5 a. m. in the morning.

Similar instances occur at times perhaps on the big city dailies, but I think there isn't much question but what you work considerably harder on a small daily than a big one. The hours aren't short, and they aren't standardized, and I've never seen anyone yet who was able to make them so.

SIMILARLY, when the peak loads occur, it's necessary to speed up and intensify your effort. It's not a question of putting on more help—in the small city, help of the required skill simply isn't available. At election time, it takes all of our editorial staff, and sometimes even part of the mechanical force, to maintain the necessary service on returns; we may be up most of the night, and yet we have to be on the job as usual the next day. You can't just go along at normal speed on a small city daily; scarcely a day passes that you don't encounter periods when you have to be a lot more than a "plugger."

Let me say at this point that small daily work is no job for a weakling, either physically or mentally. To put it another way, you need stamina, and plenty of it.

I know that many big daily jobs demand clear thinking and fast thinking; but I believe the small daily demands more of it than the big. I think it calls for just as much or more resourcefulness, and I am sure a lot more humanness.

It's easy to make a quick decision when it's a cold decision according to the regulation rules. In the big town you can ordinarily do that, but in the small you ordinarily can't. Whatever your job on a small daily, decision after decision must be governed by a lot more considerations than in the big town—for the very obvious reason that you live so much closer to your readers.

on a small-town daily, perhaps planning to de-
career to that field, wouldn't you appreciate the
face discussion and appraisal of the small daily
it from experience?

blem today or may in the future, you have the
into that field in the accompanying article by
isher and advertising manager of the Marshall
have given this appraisal in person before the
in Des Moines but, delayed by storms, called off

aised in Marshall. After serving overseas with
he World War, he entered newspaper work in
graduated from the Pulitzer School of Journalism
n returned to Marshall in 1925 to edit the weekly
weekly, and, since 1932, a daily.

There are small daily publishers who hew to the line the same as bigger papers in their news policy—I've always thought that such men must be independent financially—but I believe in the long run that the publisher with more human qualities is the most successful, and naturally a publisher of that type demands similar qualities in his editorial staff. But this very humanness, as I please to call it, is, I think, one of the compensations for the long hours and hard work put in on a small daily.

Resourcefulness is another prime asset for anyone working on the small daily. A man who turns in his news or advertising assignments from day to day, and nothing more than that, is more than likely to put in the rest of his days as a routine plugger. The average publisher, most of them, I mean, welcome suggestions that will improve the news columns, or step up the advertising and circulation income.

In my 20 years of newspaper work, I never yet have seen a paper that couldn't stand improvement—and as publisher I have found that continually arising new problems are the easier solved by new blood and new thought, combined with the counsel of experience.

WHAT opportunity is there for you on a small city daily? I have endeavored to point out some of the opportunities by developing some of the requirements.

I'm not going to tell you that small city daily work is the ultimate in the newspaper business, either in money or satisfaction. I do think that it has a definite appeal for one who doesn't consider money everything in life and one who at the same time has certain human traits more acutely developed than the average, including such things as real love for your fellowmen, the faculty of mixing easily, the ability to hold your temper, unselfishness, and a keen understanding of the sensibilities and reactions of others.

You can't make the money in a small town, in either news or advertising fields, that you can in a big town, but neither does it cost you as much to live, and once you've become accustomed to living in a good small city, you won't care to live in the big one. There are compensations in the small town that you never get in the big.

I've lived in the biggest city in the nation, and I've seen a lot of others, and I'm here to tell you that I wouldn't trade Marshall, Minn., for any of them!

The small city daily gives you an independence that you never achieve on a big one, unless you're lucky enough to "fall into it" or have that very rare ability that advances you by leaps and bounds to an executive position—and even then, in the big town, most people don't know you're there. All of us are pretty human, and there's a good deal of satisfaction for most of us in public recognition. If you do the job right in the small city, you get it—but in the big city, how many "by lines" are there, unless you're a columnist or sports writer?

Another compensation in the small city is that of service. You have some-

thing to work for that you can really put your finger on, and see. In the small city, there's opportunity for service that I believe exceeds considerably the opportunity for service in the big city, despite all the crusades that have been carried on by big papers. There's so much that can be done to improve your community, and while some of the things you do may seem small by comparison, you're so much closer to your community that they mean relatively much more. I know of few things that give greater satisfaction in this life than being of service to your fellow men.

IF you're imbued with a pioneering spirit, try for a job on one of the smaller of the small city dailies. Don't expect much money—do expect a lot of hard work.

It's a field where the papers themselves need a great deal of improvement. The probability is that the paper won't be able to buy the new type and new machines you'd like to have—but there's so much that can be done with the old, by exercising ingenuity and initiative, and really digging in.

These smaller papers, too, need improvement in the standards and quality of the material in the news and editorial columns and on the advertising end. Better news, editorial, and personal column treatment mean more readers; better written, more effective advertisements mean more advertising. There is a tremendous amount of work to be done along these lines on the smallest of the small dailies.

If you want a job that pays better money, that gives you slightly easier work, yet offers about equal opportunity for initiative in community service, then seek employment on the small daily lo-

cated in a larger town, cities of say eight to twenty thousand.

What are the opportunities so far as job openings are concerned? I can't answer that very definitely. On our paper, we get many letters from journalism students seeking employment—and we have few jobs because of the stability of our employment. Yet when we needed a news editor a little over a year ago, we went to the University of Minnesota and found him. I know that in Minnesota, the Department of Journalism has an excellent placement record for its graduates, and a number go each year to the small daily field.

I know also, that in the small daily field, as well as in the large, much of the old-time antagonism against journalism schools is disappearing—for journalism students are proving wherever they go that their training has been worth while. I know that small dailies are turning more and more to journalism schools for men and women in both their news and advertising departments. I know further that not a few of the journalism students who go to work on small dailies step up in the course of a few years to important positions on big dailies, because they are the better men for having had this small town experience.

I believe that the opportunities in the small daily field, providing you like the compensations I have enumerated, are "fair enough." I personally like those compensations—and so I know that if I were a journalism student today, a student who had no fears of hard work nor desires for quick fortune financially, but sought a closer relationship to the many other good things of life, I'd willingly take a small-city job. As the old saying goes, "I'd rather be a big frog in a little pond!"

Spare Me the Bonds of a Beat

[Concluded from page 9]

and I were sent to the scene. We got there before the pilot, who had been killed, was extricated. I got the details and eyewitness accounts and rushed back to the city.

As soon as I hit the city room, the editor told me to write the story later (it was still about two hours before deadline) and go to a hotel for the hairdresser's convention. A different scene it was indeed with charming young women exhibiting the latest coiffures.

A few weeks later, another assignment called for my going to the zoo for a story on the training of four male lions to perform in approved circus fashion. A photographer and I stood just outside a small steel arena into which the lions were to enter.

If you have ever seen lions enter a circus arena from their runways, you know they don't waste time. Well, these particular lions didn't waste time either. They charged into the arena, banged against the bars which shook as badly as

my knees. That's the closest that I ever want to get to lions for some time yet.

ALTHOUGH I know comparatively little about music and drama, occasionally I am called on to cover concerts and stage shows.

In addition, I cover the Army run twice a week when the regular Army reporter is not on duty. The Army beat, by the way, includes the largest aggregation of military establishments in the United States. Among these establishments, are Randolph and Kelly Fields, Fort Sam Houston, the Third Army headquarters and Eighth Corps Area headquarters.

By bringing in all of the aforementioned incidents, I have tried to indicate why I prefer, but definitely, general assignment work.

Now, if you desk men or "beat reporters" can offer similar incidents, perhaps I have been taking the wrong slant on newspaper work.

THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

Authors Human?

THAT is the question asked and answered by Andrew Hepburn of the editorial staff of the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Co., with offices in New York and its printing plant in Indianapolis, in a barnstorming tour of writers' clubs. In case you haven't heard him, Mr. Hepburn comes to the logical conclusion that writers are in the category of humans. "They are, indeed, human!" He makes that statement to dislodge any belief that writers are superior beings.

The foremost misconception about writing, Mr. Hepburn contends, is that the financial rewards are stupendous. "The same amount of time spent at bricklaying or plumbing would probably net the author more money than writing the averagely popular book." The big-money writers, he points out, are the exception rather than the rule.

Luck is a dominant factor in the publishing business, he declared. "You use your best judgment of merit and of what the public wants but the publishing business remains very definitely a speculative business. I can think of no better comparison than a stable of race horses for a publishing house. Substitute the authors for the horses and the race is on."

The publication of the Richard Halliburton books was a signal achievement by Bobbs-Merrill, Mr. Hepburn said, in a lavish tribute to the adventure author who departed from the world at the crest of success.

The professional writer is one who ekes out his livelihood solely through writing; while the amateur takes up the pen because he wants to write. Among the amateur writers, Mr. Hepburn rated Mrs. Alice Tisdale Hobart as one of the finest of this generation, having won her laurels with "Oil for the Lamps of China" and "Their Own Country." She wrote to take

her mind off her physical infirmities and for the sheer satisfaction of recording her mental creations.

Earl Derr Biggers was successfully exploited by Bobbs-Merrill. He will be remembered for his Charlie Chan detective tales, which he wrote after a long and heart-breaking period of failure as a writer. The rise of Christy Borth, as a writer of non-fiction subjects, from an early life as an orphan in the home of poverty-stricken relatives was cited by Mr. Hepburn.

For a definition of an author, Mr. Hepburn volunteered, "A man, woman, or child, who as a craftsman with words uses his craft as a salable commodity."

Mr. Hepburn added, "There is more misconception about writing and publishing than any other subject I have knowledge of."

The Aero Field

Herb Powell (Wisconsin '27), for five years editor of *Flying Aces*, contributes corrections and additional information on the recent column on aero markets.

"Two-thirds of *Flying Aces'* editorial space," he writes, "is given to outside-bought articles, features, experience copy, photos, cartoons, and model-building specials. This is standard practice in every issue. Indeed, no outside fiction is purchased. The portion of the book which is given to fiction is supplied by the same three writers each month—has been for years. . . . *Air Trails* uses even less fiction."

"It is my opinion that the man who wants to take up aero writing must (after first attaining a really workable knowledge of the aero field) lead off by distinguishing between the fiction books, on the one hand, and primarily fact mags, on the other. Among other publications in the latter group (which we did not mention) are the big trade books *Aviation* and

Aero Digest, also *Sportsman Pilot*, *Western Flying*, *Soaring*, *American Aviation*, *Model Airplane News*, et cetera."

Market Tips

Following is a general survey of the current needs and requirements of the Albing Publications, 19 East 48th St., New York City, furnished by Jerry Albert, editor:

Stirring Detective and Western Stories: published bi-monthly; 15c per copy. Uses both western and detective stories, of a distinctly adult appeal. Short stories, 3,000 to 6,000 words. Novelettes and short novels on assignment only. One-half cent per word and up, on acceptance to regular writers, on publication to others. Editor, J. Albert.

Red Mask Detective Stories: Uses only detective stories. In other respects, same as above. Editor, Jerry Albert.

Stirring Science Stories: published bi-monthly; 15c per copy. Uses both science-fiction and fantasy-fiction. Short stories, 2,000 to 6,000 words. Novelettes 10,000 to 12,000. One-half cent per word and up, on acceptance to regular writers, on publication to others. Editor, Donald Wollheim.

Cosmic Stories: Uses general science-fiction, with only a little fantasy. In other respects, same as *Stirring Science Stories*. Editor, D. Wollheim.

Contests

Dodd, Mead & Co. announces its semi-annual Red Badge \$1,000 prize competition for the best mystery-detective novel for Fall, 1941. The competition, open to any author who has not previously issued a book under the Red Badge imprint, closes May 1, 1941. Manuscripts should not be less than 50,000 words long and sent to Dodd, Mead & Co., 432 Fourth Avenue, with a letter explaining the manuscript is being entered in the contest.

Writer's Ways

MAURICE GERSCHON HINDUS, author of three great books on Russia, "Red Bread," "Humanity Uprooted," and "Sons and Fathers," when at work, wears old trousers and a blue turtle-necked sweater. He favors comfortable buckled boots, resembling Congress gaiters.

Mr. Hindus works directly at the typewriter, rewriting as many as 20 or 25 times. Engaged on a book, he shuts himself completely away from the world, beginning his stint at noon and often writing until two or three in the morning. The research is completed before actual writing begins. When writing fiction, Mr. Hindus starts with a cold plunge, knowing nothing but the theme, and until the first draft is completed he usually has little idea of the plot. The first draft is usually thrown away, being used merely to set the story in Mr. Hindus's mind before he begins work on the final form.

In his youth Mr. Hindus played the violin and his interest in music, particularly in folk music, persists. Not fond of games, he depends for exercise upon swimming and walking.

Not a prophet, but a fiction writer and an artist at reportage, Mr. Hindus avoids long-range political prediction, but on one of the subjects closest to his heart—the fate of the Czech people—he ventures a courageous and definite opinion. "The Czechs," he says, "cannot be absorbed, they can only be killed off, and there are too many of them even for a Hitler to annihilate."

How Can Weekly Newspapers Get More Advertising?

Every available survey, statement or practical demonstration pointing the way toward increased lineage—foreign, local or classified—is analyzed in *THE AMERICAN PRESS* magazine, the only magazine devoted primarily to the advertising problems of small town newspapers. **Subscription only \$1.00 a year.**

THE AMERICAN PRESS 225 W. 39th St., New York

Remarks From Quill Readers

Carson Castigated

If—as Editor & Publisher has observed editorially—the retirement of Frank Carson as assistant managing editor of New York Daily News “marks the end of a journalistic era,” then all who have high hopes for the professionalization of journalism may breathe a fervent, reverent “Thank God!”

Fortunately (so far as the legal justification of the critic is involved), Mr. Carson has offered his own self-indictment. William H. Hendricks (in October 19 Editor & Publisher) quotes him as having declared:

“My God, man, in my day I have kidnaped people, tapped wires to break great stories that couldn’t be gotten any other way; burglarized houses armed with warrants that were phony, strong armed my way through.

“But remember, my boy,” adds this queer kind of moralist, “these methods were used for one thing only: to get the true story, the real facts, and were merely an unorthodox means to a worthy and justifiable end.” Do you say “unorthodox,” Mr. Carson? Some would call them unfair and illegal.

Few men who ever broke the law or violated the moral code have found themselves stumped when given the opportunity to “justify” their misdeeds according to the ancient, yet none the less disreputable, doctrine that “good ends justify foul means.”

Yet it is of the essence of a democracy—in which alone, be it remembered, free newspapers can exist—that means are far more important than ends. Indeed, as T. V. Smith has so succinctly put it: “Democracy is not a dogma, or even a doctrine, but simply a doing; it is not a product but a process. . . . Democracy, in a word, is whatever can be arrived at democratically.” But what, may you ask, does this have to do with Frank Carson? Simply this, I believe: insofar and so long as newspapers may continue to follow the “means-justifies-ends” philosophy of men like Mr. Carson, they are in effect giving aid and comfort to the enemies of democracy. And in so doing they are imperiling their own freedom—for the plain, obvious and self-evident reason that free newspapers can exist only in a democracy.

These are days when newspapers are anxious to emphasize their best qualities. Two reasons: the Wages and Hours Act (allowing exemptions for proven “professional” work), and the indictments of such adverse critics as President Roosevelt, Harold Ickes, and “Whipping Boy” Ed Flynn. Therefore, as I see it, this is a good time for newspapers not only to publicly repudiate the doctrine of the Frank Carson, but—by deed as well—to prove that repudiation to their readers.

Mr. Carson’s quoted statement clearly implies that he felt fully justified in using any method whatsoever to get the news of anything that God might let happen. I believe the American public will never accept such a rationalization. I know our legislatures and our courts do not accept it.

Adherence of a large proportion of the press to Mr. Carson’s doctrines could, in the long run, result in but one thing: society would either take away, or dangerously restrict, the freedom of the press as we have known it. Indeed, it is more than probable that the present alarmingly-widespread attacks on the press are in large part due to the practical operation (among certain papers) of the philosophy that any methods—however foul, unfair, or even illegal—are justified in gathering the news.

That minority part of the press which has not already rejected such doctrine ought by all means to reject it now. It ought to do so merely because it is so obviously wrong by every moral and legal standard. But if not for that “high moral reason,” then for the very practical utilitarian reason that to follow it is to place the freedom of the press in gravest jeopardy.

The duty of that majority part of the press which has rejected Mr. Carson’s philosophy (or never embraced it) is likewise clear: it should use its enormous influence to force the minority into line—just as the bar associations pressure (and frequently disbar) shysters and ambulance chasers, and just as the medical associations try to place medical ethics on an ever-higher plane.

The honorable majority of the press should do this, again, merely because it is right. But if not for that reason then, again, because of its solid utilitarian foundation. For by first putting its own defenses in order, American journalism can best spike the guns of the critical opposition.

DOWLING LEATHERWOOD,
Asst. Prof. of Journalism,
Emory University, Emory, Ga.

Democracy’s Danger

Mr. Capers’ letter in the January QUILL reminds me that the world is overdue at least one good book on the implements of democracy, which are education and communication.

There has been a lot of water under the bridge since the early Greeks and our own Founding Fathers deemed pure democracy a failure. Their major indictments of the “mob,” as Mr. Capers calls it, were on the grounds of ignorance and bad intent.

While it may be too much to expect everybody to know everything about everything, still a world that can hang open-mouthed on the renunciations of the Prince of Wales and the rantings of Herr Hitler cannot be said to lack instant information of international as well as national events. Whether it has the background and the sound judgment to form constructive opinions regarding them is another matter. Emotion still governs most of us, but the stature of man as a reasoning animal is increasing. Formal public education has advanced greatly over the years, and the constant impact of events and the constant necessity for expanding points of view have sharpened minds and added nimbleness to wits beyond number.

It may be arresting to realize that, because it has the most of everything in education and in communication, the United States today comes nearer having the needed facilities for a pure democracy than any nation ever had before. Whether it has the mental capacity to utilize them properly remains to be seen. The test may come sooner than many of us expect. Most of the evolution of our elective processes has been in the direction of increasing responsiveness to the pressure of public opinion. The great remaining danger of our elected representatives today is that they may fall behind, rather than keep ahead of, the real march of public opinion.

C. E. KANE,
Editor, Illinois Central Magazine,
Chicago, Ill.

Sigma Delta Chi to Install Emory Chapter April 12

THE Press Club, local organization of journalism students at Emory University, Atlanta, Ga., will be installed as an undergraduate chapter of Sigma Delta Chi April 12. A charter was granted to the Press Club by the 1940 convention of the professional journalistic fraternity. Irving Dilliard, national president, will preside at the installation ceremony.

In addition to present members of the Press Club, a large number of its alumni and several prominent Georgia newspapermen will be initiated as charter members at a ceremony to be held late in the afternoon. A banquet will be held following the induction. Sigma Delta Chi members throughout Georgia and neighboring states are being invited to attend both the installation and the banquet.

The Press Club, organized in 1937, has an excellent professional record. Close to 90 per cent of its alumni are engaged in journalism. Operating strictly along Sigma Delta Chi lines, the Press Club has established several sound professional activities, cooperates closely with the school of journalism, and is recognized as a leading campus organization.

EMORY UNIVERSITY was founded in 1836 as Emory College at Oxford, Georgia, by the Methodist Church. In 1915 the College was enlarged into a University and moved to Atlanta. The University has a 450-acre campus, 24 modern buildings, and total resources of more than \$13,000,000, including \$8,000,000 in endowments. Enrollment of regular students for the 1939-40 year was 1,643. The undergraduate divisions of Emory are open only to men students.

Instruction in journalism at Emory dates back to 1912, when the Department of English offered a course. A separate department of journalism was established in 1928. Since 1938 the Department has been headquarters for the Georgia Press association. For the 1939-40 academic year the Department had a total of 72 students (32 professional and 40 pre-professional) working toward degrees. Both a four-year and a five-year program of specialization are offered.

The journalism faculty is composed of three full-time men—the chairman of the department and two assistant professors—one graduate assistant, and nine part-time lecturers. Sigma Delta Chi is well represented in the faculty. Prof. Raymond B. Nixon, chairman of the Department, became a member at the University of Wisconsin where he earned the M.A. degree. He has done graduate work at the University of Minnesota toward the Ph.D. degree. Prof. Nixon was placed in charge of journalism at Emory in 1926 and directed the establishment of the Department in 1928.

Dowling Leatherwood, M.A. (Wisconsin Prof.), and James C. Seymour, who holds the M.A. degree from the University of Minnesota and became a member of the fraternity at the University of Wisconsin, are the two assistant professors in the Department. Wright Bryan (Missouri ’28), managing editor, the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal, is a lecturer in the Department.

Besides its 20 student members and three active faculty members, the Press Club has a total of 33 professional members.

MAYNARD F. HICKS (Michigan ’36), assistant professor of journalism at Washington State College, recently was elected president of the Pullman, Wash., Chamber of Commerce. Hicks received the B.A. degree from Central State College, Mount Pleasant, Mich., in 1926, and the M.S. degree from the University of Michigan in 1936.

TOM MILLER (Indiana ’40), has been transferred by the United Press from its Chicago office to Minneapolis.

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THOMAS SANDEGREN (Washington State ’35), a pilot for United Airlines, was killed when a Mainliner he was co-piloting crashed into a mountain peak Nov. 4 near Salt Lake City, Utah. Sandegren was president of his Sigma Delta Chi chapter and served as its delegate to the 1934 convention at DePauw University. His widow and a seven-month old baby survive.

THE QUILL for March, 1941

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Country Editor's Career

COUNTRY EDITOR, by Henry Beetle Hough. 325 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. \$3.

Perhaps there's a newspaperman somewhere in America who hasn't dreamed at least once of buying his own paper—but we've never seen him.

Of course there are some metropolitan newspapermen who might deny ever having had such aspirations—that they ever wanted anything but a metropolitan career—but, shush, don't you believe them. They probably read every "Newspaper for Sale" ad they can find in *Editor & Publisher*, the *Publishers' Auxiliary*, or the *American Press*—even as you and I—and dream their dreams.

"Country Editor" is the story of such a dream come true. Henry Beetle Hough, born in New Bedford, Mass., broke into journalism on his home-town paper. Then he went to the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University, graduating in 1918 and promptly taking an assignment from Uncle Sam as a yeoman in the Navy. His service days over, he became a publicity man in Chicago and then New York.

Twenty years ago, Mr. Hough and his wife became editors and publishers of the *Vineyard Gazette*, a weekly with a circulation of 600 published at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Today their paper has a circulation of nearly 3,000 and is known throughout the land as one of the nation's best weeklies.

Henry Hough has written an intensely human, intimate, account of their experiences in the two decades on the paper. You share with them their trials and tribulations, their joys and achievements.

You come to know, as they did, the permanent residents and some of the "summer people" who vacation on their island. For Henry Hough has woven into the personal story of himself and his wife, the story and the flavor and the people of a colorful American community.

A few of the characters who deserve special mention include Charlie Haskins, who sold popcorn, delivered special delivery letters, ran errands, confounded ministers with Biblical questions that would stump the experts on "Information Please"; Elmer Reed, the stonemason who started each day, rain or shine, by appearing at his front door and cursing the weather; the Adams Boys—Harry, 80, and Joe, a dozen years his junior; and Sabra Peck, the storekeeper.

Also those three exceptional "writing ladies" who served as correspondents—Mrs. Carrington, Miss Price, and Miss Banks. Each of them has an important place in the story of the *Gazette* and those who have made it what it is today.

But "Country Editor" is more than a meaty, homey, autobiography—more than a day-to-day chronicle of a small com-

Book Bulletins

I LIVE ON AIR, by A. A. Schechter with Edward Anthony. 584 pp. Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$3.75.

In this lively book, packed with laughs, thrills and the suspense that go with split second newscasts of events of all kinds. A. A. Schechter, director of news and special events for NBC and Edward Anthony, co-author of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" and other volumes, have cooperated to present an amusing and informative behind-the-mike account of broadcasting.

Packed with yarns, anecdotes, incidents and details of broadcasting news events, it offers a firsthand glimpse into a field about which comparatively little has been written. An unusual added feature is a Picture Gallery of 64 full-page photographs.

SALT OF THE EARTH, by Victor Holmes, with an introduction by William Allen White. 311 pp. The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City. \$2.50.

Here is a book that is at once the autobiography of a country editor and a biography of a country town itself. William Allen White, in his introduction, declares this to be "quite as real and quite as true a story of a country town" as that written 50 years ago by E. W. Howe, of Atchison, Kan., in his "The Story of a Country Town."

The author, who writes under a pen name, has worked on several small town papers in the Middle West. Names, dates and places are fictitious but the stories are real. The book is dedicated, by the way, to the author's wife, Virginia, and to the Dallas Professional Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

munity—more than the journalistic history of a country weekly. It is one of the most informative, straight-from-the-backshop, discussions of country newspaper publishing we've ever read.

It is a whole course in the editing and publishing of a country weekly—the textbook, the teacher and the laboratory.

We can't begin to summarize all the experiences and observations Henry Beetle Hough has woven into his account of the *Gazette*, but perhaps the following will serve as samples:

"Country newspapers never were edited in an ivory tower or a laboratory. They are published in real life, in towns which are to be represented and served."

"The possibilities of a weekly newspaper lie as much in its character and tradition as in any factors which the books can show."

"Country newspaper work is a profession."

"If you do not look out, a country newspaper will edit itself. That is, the editors will become so tied up and involved with routine, with a multiplicity of unavoidable details, that they will have no opportunity to carry out what ideas they may be cherishing."

There are dozens of other pertinent observations we might quote—and perhaps shall elsewhere in *THE QUILL* at a later date. Let us say, in conclusion, that if you ever seriously considered—or even daydreamed—of editing and publishing a

country weekly, you should by all means read "Country Editor."

A Movie Yearbook

THE BEST PICTURES OF 1939-1940, and the Yearbook of Motion Pictures in America, Edited by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.50.

For years, Burns Mantle has presented annually the 10 best plays of the year, in excerpt and summary, together with a complete list of all plays produced, their casts, etc. Messrs. Wald and Macaulay now bring the first of what may very well be a similar series for motion pictures of the year.

Noting that it is an "impertinence" for any one man or team of men to single a group of motion pictures out of Hollywood's vast yearly product and say "These are the best," they adopted a policy of selecting pictures by classification—Action, Biography, Comedy, Comedy-Drama, Drama, Farce and Tragedy.

The seven they have selected, presented by excerpt and summary, are: "Bachelor Mother," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Nitotchka," "Rebecca," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" and "Destry Rides Again."

Of the notable exception, "Gone With the Wind," they observe it "obviously belongs on any list of best pictures, no matter what standard of criticism might be used" but that because of the great length of the scenario, and the probable injustice of condensation, they were unable to make with Margaret Mitchell and her publishers the necessary arrangements that would permit its inclusion in the volume.

The balance of the book contains news and information about the movie field as a whole and also includes a complete list of the 136 "A" pictures produced during the year, together with complete cast and summary of the story of each picture.

The book will be of value to all those connected with or writing about the movie industry, also to writers and students of dramatics. The ordinary movie-goer will find it an entertaining and informative record as well.

Wilfred Fleischer, former editor of the *Japan Advertiser* and *Herald-Tribune* Far Eastern expert, has signed a contract with Doubleday, Doran for a book on Japan.

The known date of the first written account of the technique of printing has been moved forward 116 years as a result of the work RAY NASH (Oregon '28), lecturer in arts and director of the graphic arts workshop at Dartmouth College. His publication "An Account of Calligraphy and Printing in the Sixteenth Century" makes known the priority of Christopher Plantin's dialogue on calligraphy and printing, published in 1567, whereas Moxon's "Mechanick Exercises" of 1683 previously had been considered by competent authorities to be the earliest known account. Stanley Morison, leading British authority in the field, contributes a foreword to the work.

Sigma Delta Chi Chapters Initiate 51 Professionals

Sigma Delta Chi, during the first semester of the present college year, gained the strength of 51 professional men in journalism. These men were elected to and accepted professional membership in the fraternity because of their journalistic achievements, interest in the aims and purposes of the organization, and their interest in the advancement of journalism as a profession through the fraternity and formal education for journalism.

All 42 undergraduate chapters of Sigma Delta Chi have the authority to nominate candidates for professional members. The Dallas Professional chapter was granted this privilege in 1938 after meeting requirements of the Executive Council of the fraternity.

Members elected from the professional field this year, as in the past, are aiding the national organization and the chapters in carrying out a wide variety of professional programs.

The following is a list of men initiated into Sigma Delta Chi as professional members since the beginning of the current college year last September:

BUTLER—Alva H. Wynkoop, city editor, the Lebanon (Ind.) Reporter.

IOWA STATE COLLEGE—Cameron Hervey, assistant editor, *Successful Farming* magazine, Des Moines; Roderick B. Holmgren, news editor, Station WOI, Ames, Ia.; Herbert H. Plambeck, farm editor, Station WHO, Des Moines.

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA—Kenneth T. Downs, *International News Service* foreign correspondent (now in France); H. E. Perdue, publisher, New Sharon (Ia.) Star.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS—Horace G. Baker, editor, Woodstock (Ill.) Journal.

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY—Meigs O. Frost, reporter, New Orleans (La.) *Times-Picayune*; George W. Healy, Jr., managing editor, New Orleans (La.) *Times-Picayune*.

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE—Nelson Brown, editor, *Ingham County News*, Mason, Mich.; Vernon J. Brown, publisher, *Ingham County News*, Mason, Mich.; Orin Kaye, Jr., Lansing (Mich.) *State Journal*; and Floyd J. Miller, publisher, Royal Oak (Mich.) Tribune and past president of the Michigan Press association.

MINNESOTA—Piercy T. Hoffstrom, columnist, St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press and Dispatch*; and Max White, managing director, Winona (Minn.) *Republican-Herald*.

NORTHWESTERN—Herb Graffis, columnist, Chicago *Daily Times*; Lloyd Lewis, sports editor, Chicago *Daily News*; D. C. Pickard, publisher, Savanna (Ill.) *Times-Journal*; and Edward H. Stromberg, publicity director, Northwestern University.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON—Richard L. Neuberger, special writer, Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian*; Pacific Northwest correspondent, New York Times; author, *Our Promised Land* and other books; and Michael J. Frey, director of promotion, the Portland *Oregonian* and radio stations KGW and KEX, Portland.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE—John A. Brogan, Jr., King Features Syndicate, New York City; John Elmer Person, publisher, Williamsport (Pa.) *Sun-Gazette*; and Edward A. Sweeny, publisher, Greensburg (Pa.) *Tribune-Review*; Richard Hyman, publicity director, King Features Syndicate.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—Harvey R. Ling, publisher, Burbank (Calif.) *Review*; and William Shea, publisher, *Star-News*, Culver City, Calif.

SOUTH DAKOTA STATE COLLEGE—Edward B. Oddy, publisher, Woonsocket (S. D.) *News*; and Herbert B. Tysell, publisher, Marshall County Journal, Britton, S. D.

SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY—William H. Bradfield, editor and publisher, Garland (Texas) *News*; Garland A. Smith, editor, Caldwell (Tex.) *News*; and George B. Winstead, director of publicity, Texas A. & M. College, College Station, Texas.

News Members Initiated by SDX at Oregon



New members of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, recently initiated by the University of Oregon chapter, pose after the ceremony with chapter leaders. The initiates are, back row, left to right, M. J. Frey, of the Portland *Oregonian*, initiated as a professional member, Richard Williams, business member of the *Oregana*, undergraduate member, and Richard Neuberger, of the *Oregonian*, initiated as a professional member. In the front row are, Palmer Hoyt, publisher of the Portland *Oregonian* and national vice-president of SDX in charge of undergraduate affairs, Lyle M. Nelson, president of the Oregon chapter and editor of the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, student newspaper, and Eric W. Allen, dean of the school of journalism.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY—Laurance B. Siegfried, School of Journalism, Syracuse University; Marc D. Johnson, publisher, Randolph (N. Y.) *Register*; Arnold Rattray, publisher, East Hampton (N. Y.) *Star*; Wheeler Milmoie, publisher, Canastota (N. Y.) *Bee-Journal*; Grant J. Tefft, publisher, Greenwich (N. Y.) *Journal*; Harold F. Schue, publisher, the Liberty (N. Y.) *Register*; Sidney E. Ayres, publisher, Penn Yan (N. Y.) *Chronicle-Express*; and Alfred J. Ball, publisher, Woodhaven, (N. Y.) *Leader-Observer*.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON—Clifford C. Harrison, sports editor, Seattle (Wash.) *Star*; and Clarence B. Lafromboise, editor and publisher, Enumclaw (Wash.) *Courier-Herald*.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—Marshall F. Browne, publisher, *East Side News*, Madison, Wis.; William T. Evjue, editor and publisher, Madison (Wis.) *Capital Times*; William H. Gharrity, editor, Chippewa Falls (Wis.) *Herald Telegram*; and John Ansley Griffin, graduate assistant, School of Journalism, U. of Wisconsin, Madison.

SDX Dates

DALLAS, Texas—March 18 and 19. The third annual southwestern regional meeting in observance of Founders' Day. Sponsored by the Dallas Professional chapter. R. P. Wall, Southwestern Drug Corp., Dallas, chapter secretary.

MADISON, Wisc.—March 31. University of Wisconsin chapter's Gridiron banquet in Memorial Union. Robert G. Nixon, INS war correspondent, will speak. Nixon covered Dunkirk evacuation. For reservations, write James H. Payne, chapter secretary, 301 South Hall, U. of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisc.

SAN FRANCISCO—Press Club, 6:30 p. m., Feb. 28, "Country Editors' Meeting." CNPA officers, members of Executive Committee, and Advisory Board were present. Speakers: M. F. Small, *Feather River Bulletin*; F. W. Mosher, Jr., *Corning Observer*; W. A. Chalfant, Bishop *Inyo Register*; Dallas E. Wood, Peninsula Newspapers, Inc. Initiation of professional candidates.

LEONARD SLATER, graduated from the University of Michigan at the end of the first semester in February, has become news editor of radio station WCAR, Pontiac, Mich.

CLARK SQUIRE (Washington '16), Seattle, (Wash.) *Star*, recently was named by President Roosevelt as collector of internal revenue for the District of Washington. While a student at the University of Washington, Squire was president of his chapter of Sigma Delta Chi. At one time he was Washington correspondent for the Scripps league of newspapers.

A. SIDNEY WILLIAMSON (Louisiana State '30), who has operated the Williamson Advertising Service Agency in Baton Rouge, La., since his graduation from Louisiana State University in 1930, recently was named manager of the Lamar Advertising Company of Baton Rouge, with branches in Jackson, Miss., and Pensacola, Fla. He will continue operating the Williamson service.

ACCORDING TO —

"I look forward each month to the arrival of *THE QUILL* and especially enjoy the articles concerning weekly newspapers."—CHARLES THORP, Milledgeville (Ga.) *Daily Times*.

"Let me congratulate you on the last several issues of *THE QUILL*. Darn nice job."—BOB SMITH, South Dakota State University.

"You have made *THE QUILL* a top-flight magazine and I toss a big bouquet of orchids."—STEWART HARRAL, Assistant Professor of Journalism, The University of Oklahoma.

WHO · WHAT · WHERE

VINCENT FOWLER (Indiana '31) is a member of the advertising staff of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Power and Light company.

WILLIAM F. CROUCH (Grinnell '27) has resigned as executive secretary of the United Theater Owners Association of Illinois to handle press relations for the Oriental Theater, Chicago.

ANDERSON BROWNE (Washington & Lee '35) and Miss Martha B. Doolittle were married Dec. 7 at Virginia City, Nev. Browne is publisher of the Gilroy (Calif.) *Evening Dispatch*.

W. EARL HALL (Iowa '18), editor of the Mason City (Ia.) *Globe-Gazette*, was one of five newspapermen who left Feb. 23 on a two-month visit to Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, as guests of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

NELSON POYNTER (Indiana '24), editor of the St. Petersburg (Fla.) *Times*, has been drafted as a dollar a year man to take charge of the press division of the Committee to Co-ordinate Commercial and Cultural Relations among the American republics. The committee is part of the National Defense Council.

Announcement was made Feb. 10 of the appointment of VICTOR A. SCHOLIS (Illinois '31) as director of the newly formed Clear Channel Broadcasting Service. Scholis was a reporter and political correspondent for the Chicago *Times* from 1930 until 1938 when he became public relations assistant to Harry Hopkins when the latter was Secretary of Commerce. MARK ETHRIDGE (W. & L. Prof.), general manager of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and radio station WHAS, was active in the formation of the new service which will seek to preserve clear channels as a means of providing broadcast service to rural and remote listeners.

ROLFE JENKINS (Purdue '40) recently joined the staff of the Chicago *Times*.

DON BAILEY (Purdue '39) accepted a job as reporter on the Vandalia (Ill.) *Leader* early in January.

EDWARD WEILEPP (Northwestern '39) is city editor of the McPherson (Kans.) *Daily Republican*. He was president of the Northwestern chapter of Sigma Delta Chi in 1938-39.

WALTER T. HANSON (Iowa '30), a reporter and columnist on the Red Bank (N. J.) *Daily Standard* for the past four years, is now a reporter for the Springfield (O.) *Daily News*.

ROBERT L. GILBERT (Kansas '23) owns and operates his own advertising agency in Bridgeport, Conn.

FRED KLEMP, JR., (Kansas State '39) is assistant to an account executive of the Carter Owens Advertising Agency, Kansas City, Kans.

R. H. SHULENBERGER (Syracuse '39), formerly editor of the Chester (N. Y.) *News*, is now advertising manager of the textbook sales division of the International Textbook company, Scranton, Pa.

EARL O. EWAN (DePauw '22) served last fall as publicity director of the campaign

THE QUILL for March, 1941

Heads L. A. Chapter



Ronald Wagoner

Mr. Wagoner, manager of the Los Angeles bureau of the *United Press*, has succeeded Neal Van Sooy, of the Azusa *Herald*, as president of the American Institute of Journalists, the Los Angeles professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

William S. Kellogg, immediate past president of the California Newspaper Publishers Association, was named vice-president; Irvin Borders, Citizens' National Bank, secretary, and Prof. Roy L. French, U. S. C. School of Journalism, treasurer.

Mr. Wagoner, who was graduated from Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., his home town, worked his way through school as sports editor and reporter on the Galesburg *Register-Mail*. After graduation he joined the *Associated Press* staff in Chicago and worked two years in Des Moines, Jefferson City, Mo., and St. Louis. He resigned to become a press agent for Samuel Goldwyn in Hollywood. Re-entering newspaper work two years later, he joined the *UP* staff in Los Angeles. He was bureau manager in Phoenix and San Francisco before being assigned to Los Angeles four years ago.

of United States Senator James M. Mead of New York, re-elected.

A. Q. MILLER (Kansas Prof.), publisher of the Belleville (Kans.) *Telescope*, and Mrs. Miller have returned to their home in Salina after a six weeks' vacation in Florida.

PHIL FORTMAN (Ohio State '35) joined the editorial staff of the Gary (Ind.) *Post-Tribune* as a reporter Feb. 17.

JACK BILLS (S.M.U. Prof.) is now a staff writer for the Miami (Fla.) *Herald*.

TED REIFF (Wisconsin '39) recently left his job on the Lancaster (Mo.) *Excelsior* to begin his year's training in Uncle Sam's army. Reiff, who touched off a lively debate about the opportunities of the weekly newspaper in the August, 1940, issue of *THE QUILL*, is assigned to Company L, 138th Infantry, Camp Robinson, Little Rock, Ark. ARMIN RANYAN (Wisconsin '37), has taken over Reiff's duties on the *Excelsior*.

CHARLES ADAMS (Grinnell '40) recently joined the Washington staff of *American Aviation*.

DR. CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL (Wisconsin Prof.), lecturer in the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University and director of the Illinois Federal Writers' Project, discussed "Propaganda in World War I and Today" at a luncheon meeting of the Chicago Professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, Feb. 27.

STANLEY M. SWINTON (Michigan '40), Detroit bureau of the *Associated Press*, began his year of U. S. Army training Feb. 21. While attending the University of Michigan, Swinton was city editor of the *Michigan Daily* and president of Sigma Delta Chi during the 1939-40 year.

New Editions

With the statement that he weighs the same as the Sunday New York *Times* (seven pounds, seven ounces) and arrived 40 minutes too late for the home edition, the birth of Jeb Jackson Long on Feb. 4 was announced by his parents in a display advertisement in one of the Long Publications. The proud father is Stuart Long (Texas '36), faithful Sigma Delta Chi convention goer. The mother, Emma Jackson Long, was co-publisher with Stuart of five Texas weekly newspapers until the properties were sold last fall. Jeb was born in Deaf Smith County Hospital, Hereford, Texas.

The Chicago Fiction Guild, whose membership embraces most of the leading writers of the Chicago area, elected as its 1941 president Miss Phyllis A. Whitney, pulp and juvenile writer and author of the forthcoming volume, *Place for Ann*. Other officers are Garnet L. Eskew, vice-president; Lillian Stemp, secretary; John Schoenherr, treasurer; and Ena Mae Bouslog, program chairman.



Protect Your Fraternity Name

Your Balfour contract guarantees the maintenance of official specifications and protects your fraternity name and insignia from falling into foreign hands. Guard your insignia by ordering ONLY from your official jeweler.

L. G. BALFOUR CO.
ATTLEBORO MASS.

The Curse of Sameness

"It is right that millions of bricks should be alike, but not that millions of newspapers should be alike."

SO observes Henry Beetle Hough in his excellent "Country Editor." He was not speaking of country newspapers alone, but of newspapers as a whole.

He was thinking, no doubt, as many other newspapermen have been thinking, of the paralysis of sameness that has been creeping over the press—the sameness that brings the same columnists, the same comics, the same features, the same correspondents, the same advertisements, the same everything to newspapers throughout the length and breadth of the land—the curse of sameness that enables you to pick up a newspaper in almost any city and find it differing but slightly from the ones in the city you just left.

There are those who find this sameness a virtue—and in that cooperative effort enables the individual newspaper to bring its readers more than it could by its own efforts entirely, we'll agree. But too great a dependence on material from cooperative or syndicate sources can completely destroy the individuality—the flavor—that is the life-spark of any paper.

WE are thinking especially of the Sunday papers—and, more specifically, of their magazine and feature sections.

In paper after paper, you find no individuality in this regard. Paper after paper carries one or the other, or both, of the nationally circulated magazine or feature sections.

In comparatively few instances do any of these same papers carry home-made, locally planned, edited and produced feature or magazine sections. In some instances, the rotogravure sections have been markedly stepped up to offset this lack.

It would be difficult—well nigh impossible, in most cases—for individual papers to expend the money that the nationally produced sections can and do for four-color work, first-run fiction by "name" authors, good illustrations and articles.

Yet the individual papers, if they did not have a nationally circulated section, might find it possible to produce locally planned and edited magazine or feature sections which, while not measuring up in some respects to the sections produced nationally, might be much more satisfactory from local editorial, circulation and advertising standpoints.

SOME newspapers have been making progress recently in the production of local news and feature magazines or sections.

Perhaps a return to individuality is under way. We hope so. Somehow or other, we've never felt that a newspaper should depend upon an outside source for its magazine or feature section—no matter how good a job that outside source might do!

For no outside editor or staff can ever hope to catch the feeling of a community, or reach the readers, as can a wide-awake editor and staff on the job as a part of that community.

It Should Be Preserved

PLANS for the restoration and preservation of historic St. Paul's Church, in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., as a permanent shrine to the Bill of Rights, are under way. It also would serve as a shrine to the memory of John Peter Zenger, champion of a free press, and Alexander Hamilton, who defended Zenger, won his acquittal and established the right of newspapers to comment on the acts of public officials.

AS WE VIEW IT

It was historic sites such as this that Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, had in mind last November when the fraternity acted at Des Moines to inaugurate a program, in cooperation with other journalistic, historical, civic and patriotic organizations, for the marking of shrines of journalism.

As was noted in these columns last October, "Journalism has been slow to honor its own . . . why not a continuous and cooperative program of effort to perpetuate the names and deeds of those who, through their pens, contribute and have

contributed as much to democracy as those who wield a sword?"

We hope that newspapers, newspapermen and the various state and national journalistic organizations will heartily endorse and cooperate in the preservation of St. Paul's and all other outstanding journalistic sites and shrines in America.

The Campaign Is On!

THE QUILL has long urged that individual newspapers undertake campaigns to provide their communities with iron lungs to help combat infantile paralysis. Last month we asked that newspapers undertaking such campaigns tell us about them.

The first paper to report such a campaign is the Hamburg (Iowa) *Reporter*, owned and published by Fred W. Hill. It is the paper's rule not to sponsor a campaign directly, preferring to do the groundwork, shape up the program and then have some organization take over. In this instance, the Hamburg Kiwanis club is the sponsoring group, with the *Reporter* folks actively engaged in furthering the move.

The entire county was organized for the drive. It is hoped that sufficient funds can be raised to provide an iron lung, a "baby" lung and to equip a special room in the local hospital. The *Reporter* is offering a framed certificate to each town or school working on the drive. We believe the concluding paragraph of Mr. Hill's letter speaks volumes for the country press:

"Just one of the joys of we country boys—working for and with the folks we know as neighbors and friends."

Here's luck to the iron lung campaign in Hamburg—and to all similar campaigns which may be undertaken. We hope there will be a lot of them, and that you'll keep us posted.

He Can Write Them!

WE'VE paid tribute in the past in this department to the excellent science stories which J. D. Ratcliff has written for *Collier's*. Well, here goes for another word of commendation in his direction—this time for his article, "They've Got the Flu!" which appeared in the Jan. 18 issue.

There are newspapermen who can and do write well along scientific lines—but too few papers seem to find the space for such stories. Or, perhaps, it's a matter of display. Somehow a solid column or so of type (no matter how well the article has been written), if tucked in among the ads, doesn't attract the attention that a well-laid-out, illustrated article does.

Plenty of good material that appears in newspapers is more or less wasted simply because it isn't sufficiently dressed up (attractively enough presented) to receive the attention it deserves.

We have plenty to learn in the newspaper business about the proper presentation of the good stories we have every day.

Combing Journalistic Jungles With the Head Hunters

FROM far and near come these samples of fancy headwork stitched together by rhyming and non-rhyming rimsters on papers large and small.

We'll start this head-hunters seance with a head from the Dallas (Texas) *News*, served up by Lester Jordan, of SMU:

Science to Take Drunk Apart To Find What Makes Him Hic

Sam Gilluly, editor of the Glasgow (Mont.) *Courier*, puts in a plug for the Great Falls (Mont.) *Leader* with this one which appeared over the story of James Joyce's death:

James Joyce Dies; Heranwordstogether

Head-Hunter John P. Spaulding, managing editor of the Cedar Falls (Iowa) *Daily Record*, sends two good ones. The first, over a story on Gypsy Rose Lee's divorce, came from the Waterloo (Iowa) *Daily Courier*:

Strip-Teaser Sheds Husband

The second one, from the Des Moines *Register & Tribune*, appeared over a story of a basketball game between the Thompson Beauty School team of Des Moines and the Happy, Texas, team:

Thompson Six Slaps Happy

Since the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* lads are too modest to send in their own heads, Don N. Crew, of the Kent (Wash.) *News-Journal*, sent in these for them:

Thief Jumps Over Fence, the Bounder

and

An Un-Poplar Act

Trimmed Trees Ruined, She Says

Readers of the Fostoria (O.) *Times* must have been a little startled recently when they found this head over a story:

Times May Read Little Flu-zy—But Here It Is!

The head, sent in by Vernon L. Havenor, of the Fostoria *Daily Review*, accompanied a story telling that most of

the *Times*' staff had been laid low by the flu bugs.

Arthur L. Coleman, of *Holland's Magazine*, sent this, clipped from the Dallas *Morning News*:

Never Saw a Purple Cow, Never Even Hoped; Sees Purple, Sees Cow: Bossy Had Been Doped

Also, this one over a story on Benton's painting, "Susannah and the Elders," and how it had packed 'em in at the art museum:

Oh, Susannah, Don't You Cry No More, You Filled That Old Museum As It Never Was Before

George Schenkein, of Penn State College, likes a bit of alliteration in a head from the Philadelphia *Record*:

2 "Fixers" Fixed in Fine Fix With Opposite Fixes

R. Q. Hammer, of Danville, Ill., who notes that he agrees heartily with the crusade for more witty, clever, sparkling headlines, speared this one in *Advertising Age*:

Barrie, a Barrymore No More, Joins "Dear John" Cast

And here's a keen one from the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* which arrived in a somewhat roundabout fashion by way of Lieut. Eugene Philips, former editor of the *Log* of the Long-Bell Lumber Co., now stationed at Fort Riley, Kan.:

Bayonets Give Greeks Edge Over Italians

At which point, we'll cut off this column.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

desperate horsemen who had robbed banks, held up trains, and blazed a ten-year trail of outlawry with seeming impunity from capture or defeat by armed officers of the law. They defeated the most notorious and desperate bandit gang in the history of this country.

"There's irony in that situation, there's drama and heroism in it, and there's enough excitement to please the most rabid devotee of a Wild West thriller. To imply that these Northfielders knew Jesse James and his gang were coming, organized a posse, were prepared for the invaders, and therefore were able to defeat them on the streets and cut off their escape by a well-laid plan of attack, is thus far worse than an absurd distortion of known facts. For the purpose of heightening make-believe drama, it deadens real drama; to explain an alleged hero's failure, it dulls the glam-

our of real heroes. It just doesn't make sense. Can it be that Hollywood is like that?"

Traditions

[Concluded from page 5]

Teolcox, son of Shlasur, high priest of Aztalan. Teolcox tells the history of Aztalan and his own story. There is a love interest in Ixtinta, the daughter of a chief, who becomes high priestess. Aztalan is mighty, but dissension weakens it, and when an invading tribe attacks the town, it falls.

Yes, the serial went over. I wrote 15 installments of 1,200 words each. Toward the end of the summer the editors announced a "finish-the-serial" contest with a good flashlight as prize, plus the publishing of the winning end. The author was the judge. We awarded the flashlight and the town was pleased with the story.

One old lady accepted the story as gospel truth and gravely wrote her daughter about it.

Oh, the museum? Attorney Schmidt and a committee have investigated the possibility of a museum in Aztalan and are now talking up a Lake Mills and Aztalan Historical Society to be affiliated with the Wisconsin Historical Society.

The going is slow, but we think old Aztalan will live again. After 1,000 years it's still good copy!

We Mean It!

Now is the time to register with The Personnel Bureau if you are looking for a better job!

Since early in January an average of FOUR openings a week have been reported to The Bureau. For the first time in years we are having difficulty in finding the right men to recommend to employers.

Recent openings reported are in the weekly and daily newspaper, company magazine, press association, and publicity fields. Combination reporters-photographers seem to be in demand on small city dailies.

Write today for a registration form!

THE PERSONNEL BUREAU
of Sigma Delta Chi
JAMES C. KIPER, Director
35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

A nationwide non-profit service supported by Sigma Delta Chi, Professional Journalistic Fraternity.



An Invitation to Budding Young Journalists

It is to the everlasting credit of newspapers in this progressive generation that they frequently hold "open house" to the young people of their communities . . . invite boys and girls to see how a miracle of minds and machines combine to produce a world of News. They watch an editor in the throes of his prize-winning epic . . . feel the pulse beat of a big press feeding on wood pulp.

Well—there's no more fascinating business on earth, and a certain quota of these youngsters must inevitably be Tomorrow's newspapermen.

Nor do the oldsters at it ever quite grow up. And THAT'S to their credit. They persist in a youthful enthusiasm.

Editor & Publisher holds "Open House" to young and old alike . . . to the amateurs and the veterans, every interesting week of the year. It is even MORE fascinating than a visit to a newspaper plant, because it is, actually, a personally conducted tour through ALL newspaper offices, everywhere, at the peak of their productivity.

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